The Story of a Talisman's Strange Adventures

# By Mrs. Howard Gould

(Courright, 1914, by John Lone Company.) CHAPTER I. The Dead Branch.

SING and failing, fitful, uncertain, the wood fire burned before the tapes of Pontiac; the red ember glow showing two seated figures. One of them rose, glided into the deep gloom, and reappeared with an armful of fagots, which were thrown on the red brands Again the flames leaped up and the figure crouched down. It was the figure

choused a high, hooked nose and a towering brow whose lofty effect was heighisoed by the shaven crown and the single scalp lock holding the eagle feather of a chief. Beneath the brow gleamed bold, coal-black eyes. In the teeth of this stony man was the stem of a pipe and from his lips the ds came in slow, regular puffs.

Although the night was warm the

woman shivered.

"Pontlac" in the voice was cold as the fields and the hunting parties ice and sharp as a razor edge—"Pontlac is a son of many chiefs, and has the wild. From one of these hunters

go on the hunt," he said. "The rising and hunter may go and fear not: Outante will care for white squaw."

The woodsman smiled with satisback up the Mohawk into the country of the Delawares and shall wait the of the Delawares and shall wait the return of the hunting braves at the West end of Cayuga water, where the village of the Delawares shall shelter

as she answered:
"They shall not hunger if Outanie can find food. They shall not die if Outanie can keep them alive. Warrior

now that he knew this slient and competent woman would take his place at his wife's side.

The May floods were roaring through the Mohawk's channels when

a new soul came to Amsterdam. It was bought with its equivalent. De-spite the skilful ministrations of Ou-

tanie, the wife of the hunter died on the night of her baby's birth. The

"light" grunted the chief at last. The glance of his crouching squaw was lifted for a second to his face, but it sank instantly to the ground. He to again;

is the king of the Ottawawas. His belt smoked under many chimneys, holds many scalps. His tent holds no last into its northern fastnesses, taking its shackles of ice off the rush-

son. He has a great name, but Outanie received a trust on the eve it must die with Pontiac. Pontiac is of his departure.

Outaine received a trust on the eve of his departure.

"Outaile," he said, "this, my wife, shall bear me a babe. He you at her side and nurse her and the child against my return. Then I shall give

matil her face touched the ground, you beads and wampum."

The chief slowly rose, standing above the fire with his red blanket wrapped no sign of deepened interest on her close round his towering form. He did impassive features, nor was there a not look at the crumpled squaw at his as she appeared: not look at the crumpled squaw at his moccasined feet but out into the

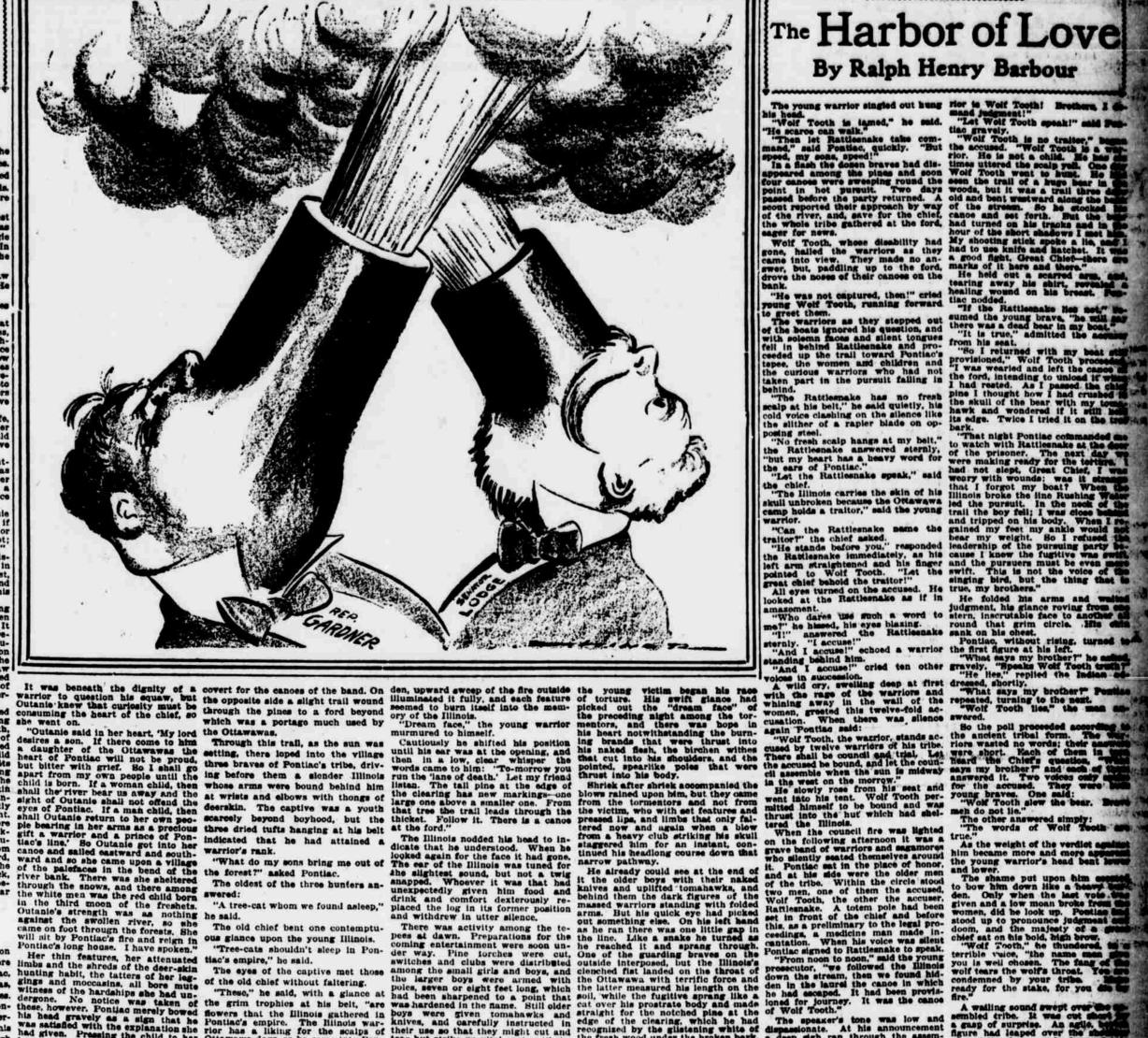
He turned on his heel and strode

and stream.

At the close of the third day's voyage the Ottawawa woman paddled her boat incclose to the river bank and gased with surprise at the scene which greeted her eyes. The forest which greeted her eyes. The forest which greeted her eyes. A the special form of the special property of the spec was the month of corn on

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He turned on his heel and strode into the tent. The squaw, Outanie, did not stent. The squaw, outanie, the wife of the hunter fleet on he night of her baby's birth. The did not the gathering ash.

Next morning when the warriors were gone on the hunt, Outanie transmitted her husband's commands to the women. Then she dismantied her tent, and stowed it in her cance. Slowly and with eyes fixed on the misty blue of the ribbon of sky that misty blue of the ribbon of sky that shade to keep the same of the bark. Her hand reached for the padde, and with a destroous swing of the blade she shot her fail vessel out into the full downward flow of the stream. Then she sear all adount and ever farther and farther from the lands of her own parties and south and ever farther and farther from the lands of her own parties of the stream. Her rife found her, food among the banks, her fail was pour to use, for the squawe, of Pontiacs true and any other than placed there. The she she her, food among the banks, her fail was pour to the breast of the stream. Her rife found her, food among the banks, her fabiline, too, was put to use, for the squawe, of Pontiac have the right of the close of the third day's voyant the close

was the month of corn on Her thin features, her attenuated tiac's empire," he said. the upper Allegheny, where limbs and the shreds of the deer-skin The eyes of the capt lay the seat of Pontiac, hunting habit, the tatters of her leg- of the old chief without the control of the capt layer and moccasins, all bore mute.

By Robert Minor

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